

# MISSION NEWS

A JOURNAL OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS; WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE  
TO THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD IN JAPAN.

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N.B.—Copies of MISSION NEWS ad-  
dressed to the following persons have  
been returned as "unclaimed." Pos-  
sibly some of our readers can enable us  
to correct the addresses.

Mr. F. L. Fitchett, 1116 So. 28th St.,  
Omaha, Neb., U.S.A.

Mrs. William Graves, 6745 Perry Avenue,  
Englewood, Chicago, U.S.A.

Rev. Edgar Knipp, Baltimore, Maryland,  
U.S.A.

## NOTES.

Prof. M. R. Gaines, formerly con-  
nected with our Mission, has been trans-  
ferred from Austin, Texas to Joppa,  
Cullman County, Alabama, where he  
has charge of a school for the mountain  
whites, with an enrollment of 200  
students.

\* \* \* \*

Rev. E. S. Cobb and Mrs. Cobb  
arrived in Yokohama by the P.M.S.S.  
"China" Saturday, the twelfth instant.  
They left Tókyó for Niigata on the  
fifteenth, accompanied by Mr. Curtis  
who had come on to meet them. Their  
coming is a most welcome reinforcement  
to our Mission. Niigata Station es-  
pecially is to be congratulated on this  
accession to its numbers.

\* \* \* \*

Several members of the Kyōto Sta-  
tion have been assisting in the hospital  
work in Ōsaka during the past month.

Mr. Dunning has gone to Amarube,  
near Maizuru, one of the out-stations of  
Kyōto for a month of language study.

Miss Learned has had a slight attack  
of scarlet fever but has now almost  
recovered.

\* \* \* \*

We take the following from the pre-  
face to the seventh edition of Dr.  
Griffis' *Korea the Hermit Nation*.

"For twenty-two years, this book,  
besides enjoying popular favor, has  
been made good use of by writers and  
students, in Europe and America, and  
has also served even in Korea itself as  
the first book of general information to  
be read by missionaries and other new  
comers. In this seventh edition, I have  
added to the original text, ending with  
Chapter xlviii. (September, 1882), four  
fresh chapters: on The Economic Con-  
dition of Korea; Internal Politics;  
Chinese and Japanese; The War of  
1894; Korea an Empire; and Japan

and Russia in Conflict; bringing the history down to the autumn of 1904.

"Within the brief period of time treated in these new chapters, the centre of the world's politics has shifted from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean to the waters surrounding Korea; the strange anomaly of dual sovereignty over the peninsular state has been eliminated; and the military reputation of China ruined. The rise of Japan, within a half century of immediate contact with the West, to the position of a modern state, able first to humiliate China and then to grapple with Russia, has vitally effected Korea, on behalf of whose independence Japan has a second time gone to war with a Power vastly greater in natural resources than herself. In this period, also, the United States of America has become one of the great Powers interested in the politics of Asia, and with which the would-be conquerors of Asiatic peoples must reckon."

\* \* \* \*

Okayama Station rejoices in its full complement of workers again, as Miss Wainwright has returned much refreshed from her month's leave of absence, and Mr. Bennett is also at home after twelve days of strenuous touring in Tottori and Tajima.

\* \* \* \*

The new Mothers' Association at Tamashima held its second meeting on the evening of the 13th instant. Twenty earnest women, only one of them a Christian, listened closely to a Bible reading and prayer, followed by two long talks on the duties of mothers and the care and training of children. A beginning seems to have really been made at last among the better class women of that conservative town.

Evangelist Onoda has there also a flourishing children's society and embryo Sunday school, with twenty-five boys and girls enrolled as members.

That same afternoon the usual meetings for children and adult Christians

were held at Uwanari, a suburb of Tamashima.

Mr. Koyama the prominent Christian of that little community won honorable mention, if not a medal, for his exhibit of ladies' hats at the St. Louis Exposition, and Marquis Matsudaira was so impressed by his success that Mr. Koyama was ordered to present to H.I.M. the Emperor specimens of the dainty wood-shavings of which the hats were made.

\* \* \* \*

The following poem has just been received from a private in General Kuroki's army, who writes thrilling stories of narrow escapes, all due, he believes, to the daily prayers of a missionary woman.

*Teki sai no kagari-bi samushii  
yo wa no tsuki.*

It may be roughly translated  
Under the peaceful moon  
I nightly vigil keep  
Watching with sleepless eyes  
The lonely bivouac fires  
Round which the Russians sleep.

B. W. P.

\* \* \* \*

The evangelistic campaign in Tōkyō was begun by a general conference and sociable at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, Tuesday afternoon, November twenty-second. A large meeting was held at the same place in the evening attended by some 800 persons. The next day was given to Banchō Church, Thursday to Reinanzaka, Friday and Saturday to Hongō and Kyōbashi. The meetings have been very impressive. Messrs. Miyagawa and Harada, the speakers from abroad, may be assured that their visit will be gratefully remembered. We regret that this number must go to press too early to admit of more than this meagre notice of these most important meetings. The early days of next week will be given to Yokohama.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Davis in a letter recently received says:—

"I have had a good rest this summer, have gained about my usual flesh and strength, although the moving down here and getting oriented in Washington and settled in our hired house has tired me somewhat and con-

vinced me that I must rest longer and take things easily."

\* \* \*

Miss Helen Davis is at the Mount Vernon Seminary in Washington and Louis and Dwight at "the Washington School"; Mr. J. Merle Davis is studying in Leipsic, Germany.

### Miss Cora A. Stone.

Miss Cora A. Stone, who was for five years a member of our mission entered into rest August twenty-ninth, after ten years of courageous battling with insidious disease.

With an inborn intensity of purpose, she was teaching school at fifteen to help provide the means for a college education. She took the four years' course at Mt. Holyoke in three years, working three hours a day in payment for board and tuition and, in spite of this, was not absent from a single appointment, or from a meal, during this time, and was graduated the valedictorian of her class in 1889.

Coming to Japan in the fall of that year, she spent a short time in Okaya-ma and Tottori stations; but was called to Kōbe at the end of her first year. Her strenuous life, broad sympathies, and high standard of scholarship made a profound impression upon her students; while her progressive ideals for the school were among the strong factors which resulted in changing its scope and in putting it upon a college basis.

But the stress of life was too great even for her superb resisting powers, and she was obliged to return to America; when, after two years, tuberculosis of the meninges of the brain, and of the lungs was defined. With the medical prophecy that she had not more than three months to live if she

remained North, she went to a new settlement in the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina, now known as Montreat.

Upon the varying vicissitudes of this new settlement Miss Stone had a marked influence. Knowing that she could never again enter mission work, she had severed her connection with the Board the previous year;—so now, to live as long and as independently as possible, she opened a grocery store upon borrowed capital upon which she paid interest.

From the first this little store, open only mornings, became the centre of a wide influence. Believing that much of the shiftlessness of the mountain people was due to poor diet, whiskey, tobacco, and snuff, she tried to induce this class of her customers to give up these things and to purchase only the most nutritious foods; and to this end she send samples of her stock to Washington for analysis and discarded all adulterated brands.

It required a firm hand to give no credit, this being contrary to the universal custom in this region, which is much to the confusion of the accounts of those people who cannot read nor write.

Impressed with the poverty of the minds of the little children who did not know even how to play, Miss Stone opened a little school for them, after-

noons, at her home. This school has now grown into a well, equipped kindergarten with a thoroughly trained teacher, largely supported, through Miss Stone's personal efforts, by Mr. Huyler of candy fame, and also a school for larger children.

In an alcove in the store, Miss Stone arranged the nucleus of a library which, when she gave up charge of it, contained over 1,300 volumes—all individually collected by her, or gifts from her friends, or bought from library fees. Not only was this library a great blessing to the invalids from the North, who composed the larger part of the settlement, but the mountaineer children from the school became enthusiastic readers of the best literature for children, which was just as suitable for the untrained minds of their parents. It became a common thing for the oldest boy or girl to read aloud evenings to the whole family in their poor log huts.

Another influence Miss Stone tried to exert was upon the rudeness of their homes. Buying a number of the large Perry pictures she *passépartoutéed* them with her own hands and devoted a section of the wall of her store to her "art library." These pictures she loaned, a month each, free,—one to each home. They were much appreciated and well cared for.

She also established a branch of the Chicago Penny Savings Bank, with stamps, for the children. It was a great care, but the pride the older children took in new shoes and stockings, caps, and occasionally the bigger boys in new suits, was well worth while.

Anything to help break up the degenerate, inherited, habits of generations was worth any amount of trouble, though it all cost much weariness of body and soul.

There is no space to speak of her helpfulness to her friends; but one incident must not be passed by.

Her class of '89, learning of her life

at Montreat, sent her one hundred dollars. This troubled her much, "for," she remarked, "I am not so sick and helpless as they think I am;" but she appreciated their kindness so much that she kept the gift; then, after a long time, she wrote them saying she had done so well in her business that she would now like to give that sum to Mt. Holyoke in the name of the class.

And now after ten long years of a brave fight for life that she might help others, she has entered into the life eternal. In a long letter written the day before she left us, she said "I've given up, trying to do much but endure;—I'm trying to keep sweet and patient as my first business, and not worry over what I can't do or make much of an effort to do it either. What will it be to awake some day without pain or weariness—to feel even the old joy in mere living and doing! The new experiences I wonder much about; I'm only sure that they will be glorious and satisfying."

In the night, as her sister went to her, she said "You should not have wakened. I am perfectly comfortable" but in a few minutes she called out, "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" and her spirit had taken its willing flight.

She had wished for a plain, pine coffin such as the mountaineers used, and desired the simplest funeral.

Her wishes were regarded, but the coffin was covered with white which was nearly concealed by galax leaves fastened upon it, which all the children had gathered as their tribute. The church was beautifully decorated with wild flowers by the loving hands of nearly all the little settlement. There was no hearse in all that region, but the coffin was borne upon an open express wagon covered with rhododendron and laurel boughs. A long procession, mostly on foot, followed to the new cemetery in the open woods, where no one had yet been laid; but we do not think of her as far away.

and alone, but as with us, entering into the largeness of life she so longed for—into those experiences “so glorious and satisfying.”

MARY A. HOLBROOK.

### The American Minister at Sendai.

About a year ago His Excellency, the United States Minister and Mrs. Griscom promised a visit to the American missionaries in Sendai, but various circumstances prevented the fulfilment of this promise until November fifth. When the officials and citizens knew that Mr. and Mrs. Griscom were coming they were much pleased and immediately planned for more attention to be shown them than the short time of their visit would allow them to receive.

Some of us met them a few miles below Sendai and escorted them up to the city, while the rest of us were at the Station to greet them when the train came in. In the waiting room they were introduced to the Governor, the Mayor, and representative ladies and gentlemen and then rode through the thousands who lined the streets, waving banners and shouting “Banzai!”

That very afternoon the thirty Americans gave a reception in honor of our distinguished guests to over three hundred Japanese, in the gymnasium and dining-room of the new Miyagi Girls’ School which the pupils had beautifully decorated with flags and flowers.

The next day, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Griscom and Secretary Laughlin visited seven Protestant churches,—one of each denomination working in the city, and also the Roman and Greek Catholic, besides attending an English service. I venture to say it was the first time they ever went to ten different churches in one day. But the event of the day was the visits to the Military Hospital where we were shown about fifty bits of ball or shell extracted from the wounds of the soldiers after reaching

Sendai, were told wonderful tales of endurance, and saw many poor fellows too much crippled to do any more fighting. Time would not allow our going to the two immense branch hospitals, although we were assured that the soldiers there would be greatly disappointed not to see the Minister.

Monday morning was just long enough for a glimpse of the four mission schools, the nursery of Count Date who is introducing foreign fruits and vegetables, and of a beautiful garden belonging to a wealthy citizen whose fine new gate had not been entered by any guest and who would consider it a special favor if our Minister would be the first to enter it.

The afternoon was taken up by a reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Griscom by the citizens, 1,274 of them, and after a couple of photographs—for all could not be taken in one—the ministerial party were escorted to the reception hall to the accompaniment of music composed for the occasion by Mr. Stick and played by a band which he drills. Speeches of appreciation and welcome were delivered by the Governor, the Mayor, General Miyoshi, and the President of the Provincial Assembly. A rare sword seven hundred and forty years old was presented to Mr. Griscom and two elegant embroidered centre pieces, the work of Sendai ladies, were given to Mrs. Griscom, besides boxes of cakes representing the American flag, the Japanese, and the paulownia and chrysanthemum. All of us received such cakes and a few days later when I treated my “Gospel Club” of boys to them, letting them draw lots for choice, the first choice every time was the American flag “Because it is pretty.”

Four of us residents of Sendai had been invited by the Governor, Mayor, and their wives to dine with our guests and the highest two officers of the Sendai garrison. The feast was in the very best style called *go no zen*, (five-tray) and all the bowls and trays were of red lacquer giving a bright effect.

The finest chrysanthemums in the city had been requested for the occasion, but the owners declined to lend them, saying they would joyfully give them for such distinguished guests. Unfortunately somebody told the hostesses that foreigners had a prejudice against yellow, that it was only used on mournful occasions, and so the elegant yellow ones and a specially fine cake ornamented with yellow were discarded, and we only learned of the fact afterwards. The dinner was followed by part of the *nō* and music on the *koto* by the daughters of prominent people, who also acted as waiters, robed in elaborate embroidered or painted dresses.

But Sendai is never satisfied unless guests visit Matsushima of which the fantastic pine-clad islands, the prehistoric caves, and the historic temple are the attractions. This trip was hastily made on Tuesday morning and there was barely time for the lunch, for which we all assembled at the home of the Methodist ladies, when we accompanied our guests to the train in time for them to say good bye to the many waiting to say a parting word. Hundreds were in the street and hundreds more on the platform and their last sight was of the school girls singing "God be with you till we meet again."

It is almost cruel to treat guests as we were obliged to treat our Minister and his wife. We rushed them from one place to another, hardly giving them time to eat or sleep, but it was because they could not give us time to do things more leisurely. Since this visit was entirely unofficial, no guard of honor was offered to His Excellency, but every precaution for his safety was quietly taken. A high officer of the railroad was on the same train and himself telegraphed ahead at every station and the cars did not start until a reply had been received that the track was clear.

I have only mentioned two or three of the many, many presents given to Mr. and Mrs. Griscom as tokens of gratitude and pleasure at their visit.

The ward in which our house is put up two large Japanese flags at the end of the street and several neighbours came unasked to be of service around the house. Indeed I was once quite taken aback to find the tin-smith in my kitchen polishing my silver.

We have heard many pleasant remarks about our Minister and are sure that his visit has been a good thing for our work, and many poor people have cause for gratitude for the generous gift he gave the Mayor, of one hundred *yen* for the needy ones of the city, while Mrs. Griscom gave the same sum to the Red Crose Society, and Mr. Laughlin fifty-five for the relief of the aged and of the soldiers. We all feel very grateful for the visit, for the pleasure it has given both the Japanese and ourselves.

E. S. DEFOREST.

### The Russians in Matsuyama.

Port Arthur may be the centre of attraction in Manchuria just now, but in Japan, certainly since the 12th of last March, the city of Matsuyama has been an interesting centre. The twelfth of March was rainy when with other special volunteer Red Cross nurses, three of them likewise foreigners, I went to the harbor three or four miles distant to meet Mr. Kikkawa, a local official in the Matsuyama Red Cross Society, who had a little before gone to the front and who was now returning on the *Hakuai-maru*, a Red Cross Hospital ship, with from twenty to thirty wounded Russians who were rescued from the water at the sinking of the "Varayag" "and Koreetz" in the bay of Chemulpo. We all went on board to inspect the ship and to hear a little address from Mr. Kikkawa as to his recent experiences, while the Russians in their Red Cross white robes accentuated the occasion, disembarking under brighter skies than the morning promised.

Crowds were on shore to see the strange sight. . Some of the men were very ill but were gotten on shore and to the railway station at Matsuyama as comfortably as possible. They were taken to the Red Cross Hospital on the south side of Castle Hill, placed in sunny airy rooms looking out over mountains, plain, and a part of town, while in the immediate foreground cherry trees were in bloom. In good clean beds, with Red Cross nurses to care for them, they seemed not like prisoners of war.

We foreigners and the towns people went frequently to see them and many were the little gifts of eatables etc. that were taken to them. The local papers were full of items about them, from the statement of the fact of "trump" playing by the stronger ones, to their saying grace before meals, and their prayers on retiring and arising, and the amputation of one poor fellow's leg. These men having been rescued by the Red Cross were treated more as guests than as prisoners, though a sentry always stood at the gateway.

Later three common sailors, actual prisoners, arrived in a temple near me, to which I had quite free access.

The young fellows looked astonished when they first saw me enter, and stood themselves in line as for military salute; made briefest response to my message, though there came just the shadow of a smile to one's face at the word "coffee" with the sight of a tin pail. Then a wounded petty officer was added to their number. Then came a captain and two of his officers from a ship with an unpronounceable name, to whom the former prisoners acted almost as slaves. The captain brought boxes and luggage enough to set up housekeeping nearly, which in fact he practically did, as he bought more furniture, employed a cook and was allowed much that is extraordinary to a prisoner; but he took his confinement hardly, apparently thinking the Japanese most ungracious and unjust to take him prisoner. The town

papers were full of his sayings and doings.

Easter Sunday came while the first three were in the temple alone. The Japanese Emperor, to whom Easter means nothing, did a most graceful thing in giving each of the three on that day ten *yen*, while the Empress gave an artificial leg, arm, or eye to those who lacked them among the earliest arrived in the Red Cross Hospital.

Sunday Morning May 15th at ten o'clock on the way home from Sunday school I found the streets full of soldier guards and spectators. I took tracts to give to the soldiers for an excuse to wait and get a glimpse at the Russians who were coming. After a time they began to straggle along. The first two I saw were rather rough ignorant-looking young able-bodied fellows, who kept close together, considerably ahead of the rest, looking about them suspiciously and anxiously, in fact as if they feared they might be coming to a speedy death. I stood where they could see me. I had pinned an American flag on my dress and as I caught the eye of one, I bowed and smiled as re-assuringly as I could. He saw me and spoke to his mate; they both looked at me and it seemed finally to dawn on them that they could return my repeated bows, though not my smiles, but they plainly looked and acted as if it gave them assurance and comfort to see a foreigner, and a lady at that, loose and free on the streets, unshackled and unharmed.

After that I made it a point to be on the street as much as I could all day, just to bow and smile to the poor fellows, for they were coming all day, some on foot, some in *jinrikisha*, some on litters; some with a careless smile on the face, some with a frightened look, some with stolidity, some with pain and misery written all over; some, one especially an officer in fine clothes, with a complexion as pink and white as any baby's I ever saw, lay in his litter with a haughty look of intensest scorn and hate in every line

of his face. Many of them were very dark, but all were darkened with grime and dirt, covering every shade of complexion under the sun apparently, other than black and yellow. The dirt and rough gray army blouses and coats with the tall towering, black, shaggy Cossack caps gave them a most fierce, wild, and even dangerous look, which made one feel that all the worst stories of the newspapers about them could be true. Others, a few, looked to be as cultivated fine gentlemen as one meets anywhere. But the mass were ignorant, boorish-looking. It was said by some of the interpreters that many of them did not know how to read and some not even the name of the general under whom they had been fighting. There were over 300 that day and since then they have been coming in driblets, until there must have come to Matsuyama more than 2,000, though some have been sent on recovery to a town near by.

They have been distributed here; some to the military hospital, others to temples and a large public hall near me. After one saw them in clean white Red Cross gowns, or on their clean straw mattrasses on the floor, with clean new red blankets, and white robed nurses and doctors moving among them, wounds cared for and bandaged, they took on a more interesting aspect and looked comfortable. One man had 160 wounds to the credit of the "Shimose" powder; several were shot clear through the chest and lungs; two men had their eyes swept out with a ball through the temples; two more had been shot clear through the neck diagonally from front to back. All of these men seen from time to time made fine recovery, the balls through the neck leaving only a small scar as big as the tip of the little finger. The poor fellows without eyes mournfully said "If only it had been a hand or a foot!" The tradition that a wound in the back is a disgrace, will not hold in these days of modern explosives; for Japanese and Russian prisoners alike have them, and brave men too.

One of the temples near me in which they were confined is on the edge of the city, separated at the back from the rice fields by only a high wall and a small brook. If the prisoners entered Japan with fear and trembling as to their fate—and some of them asked as they landed at Mitsu if they were soon to be beheaded—they were doubtless assured of the kindly and sympathetic feeling of the common people who came to this back wall and tossed over oranges, grape fruit, cigarettes, parched-beans cakes, etc. My own cook came home one Sunday afternoon with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye, as she told half under her breath, "I bought some cakes, parched beans and cigarettes and threw them over the wall to the Russians, some of them struck on their heads which they laughing rubbed saying 'Thank you' and looking glad." But I doubt if they enjoyed it any more than did she. Soon after the guards got on to it and it was stopped.

At first access was easy, but it has become more difficult as the numbers have increased, and but for my special volunteer-nurse badge and special permits from Tokyo, I could not get in at the places where I do not work as a Red Cross nurse. Both before and after the summer, having taken my turn as special volunteer Red Cross nurse, there has been opportunity to see the rapid recovery from wounds, the care, spirit, and methods of nurses, doctors, and attendants. The Japanese bullet is intended to disable only, not to kill, and seeing, too, the large proportion of wounded legs, I have wondered if the Japanese did not purposely aim low. The Japanese have had ample opportunity to see the nature of the wound made by their non-poisonous bullet.

The Russians, strong, sturdy, robust-looking Cossacks, make very rapid recovery in general, while the care and work of the doctors and nurses is unremitting. I went away for a few weeks rest in the summer, but they unrestingly worked through all the heat,

day after day. The appreciation of the prisoners of the work of the doctors and nurses seems very real, and indeed it would seem that no one could come even slightly in contact with Surgeon-General Kikuchi without being impressed by his genuine kindness and gentleness, as well as by his ability. The same might be said of the doctors and nurses. One doctor said to one as he was dressing a wound, "I know no difference; I feel as if we were all one, as I am with them (the Russians) every day." Another speaking of the Red Cross work and care given to the Russians, said, "This sort of thing could not be were it not for God."

It is not pleasant to reflect upon Libby and Andersonville prisons when walking through the wards of the spacious temporary barracks hospital in the large open parade ground, all clean and airy, with probably a thousand patients and an army of attendants. They have their favorite black rye bread, and the food looks to be abundant and nutritious.

I was invited by an English speaking lieutenant one day to dine with himself and other Russian officers. Their food served on tables in foreign style was ample and wholesome, which last adjective, however, I would not apply to the liquors served, even when drunk to my own health. In speaking of the officers, it is true, account is to be taken of the fact that they supplement their allowance from their own purses.

However, it becomes apparent that the dearest thing on earth to man is freedom. Take away his liberty and he, especially the man whose brain is of fine caliber, will be unhappy. Not being his own master, nought else is good. And when one considers how other foreigners, free men, working in this land have had misunderstandings of the Japanese spirit and methods, it is not strange if those who have their first contact in the capacity of prisoners of war should have some bitter laments that they are not free.

A common grievance of the officers is that they are not allowed the freedom of the city without guards. An officer guard on horseback was one day spoken of to me as a special humiliation. They go to Dōgo for baths; may walk all about town and shop (in the summer they went to the seashore); the common soldiers may be employed on public works. But one officer told me he would like to be allowed to go to Kyōto to see the country. From the keep of his present abode he had a view of the surrounding region which was so fine I suppose he wanted more. They who are well naturally find time heavy on their hands, but the poor fellows with some such ghastly wounds as I never expected to see have the worst of it, with pain. The daily dressing of a wound means agonies which some bear with cries and groans and tears, while others utter not a sound, but grieve in every fiber while sweat stands on their foreheads. The other day I saw a man who had been shot clean through the upper part of the head from front to back. The wound had healed, but he had lost the power of speech, and was now learning to talk like a child, and his right side was paralysed. One poor fellow whom I had not expected to find here on my return from my summer's absence, is still living, with fearful wounds on each hip, which left inches of bone bare, one in the small of the back as large as a dinner plate, affecting the spine, completely paralysing his lower limbs, and there were several wounds on the legs. The finely developed young body above was perfect; his fine manly face was pathetic in its grief as he spoke of his mother. There he has lain five or six months growing thinner and weaker, more pettish and pitiful, and the pity of it is that there seems to be no hope for him or the poor mother far away in Siberia.

Across from him is a still younger man recently arrived, whom they call twenty-two, but who appears to be no more than sixteen or eighteen, with a

cavity in the back of the head five or six inches long and two' or three wide, looking into which one can see the poor boy's brains. His mouth was drawn one way and the opposite eye drawn the other way. Fortunately he has a cousin for a fellow prisoner. The young man whose leg I saw skillfully taken off, died two days after. The wound in the knee did not heal and had reduced him to a low condition from which he could not rally. If only these hospitals here in Japan and in Manchuria and Siberia could be transported, with the fathers and mothers and wives and sisters and brothers, and little ones of these brave young men, to the conference at the Hague, with their grief stricken faces! One would ask is not human life of greater value than territory and power. How long must the Moloch of a nation's honor be balanced against the best of her flower of her strength and her life blood?

No wonder that Japanese music is in minor key, or the songs and hymns of the Russians, whether in the service of the mass, or just for their solace, with their melodious organ-life voices, which roll on the air through ward after ward of their prison hospital—no wonder they all are sad and melancholy. The world *should* be sad as long as brothers can war with each other.

H. FRANCES PARMELEE.

### The Sick Soldiers of Shikoku.

On returning from *Sōkvai* (Annual Meeting of our churches), held at Kyōto last month, I was led into an interesting experience by accepting an invitation to stop off at Marugame for a few nights of preaching, and together with Pastor Tsuyumu of Imaharu and Evangelist Aono of Marugame to act as representative of the Shikoku *Bukwai* (Local Association) in visiting the sick soldiers in the hospitals of that vicinity.

Marugame is a thrifty city of 30,000, on the N. E. coast of Shikoku, with a picturesque castle overlooking the town, under the shadow of which is quartered the 12th Regiment, attached to the 11th Army Division whose headquarters are at Zentsūji, only a few miles away. The city has a record of bitter opposition to Christianity, and only a few years ago this opposition assumed open and aggressive proportions. But anyone looking for any such demonstration at this time was doomed to disappointment for the meetings held here for three successive evenings were models of orderliness and decorum, though all well attended. Mr. Tsuyumu and I both spoke at each of the evening meetings, as well as at the Sunday morning service when the Lord's Supper was observed. A number of inquirers appeared at this time, and we cannot but feel that the local church was much strengthened and encouraged by this series of meetings.

During the four days from Friday to Monday (Oct. 27-31) we spent the afternoons in visiting the sick and wounded soldiers at the hospitals. Of the five large hospitals in this locality, four are at Zentsūji, and one at Marugame, while one more is in process of construction. All but one of these are temporary structures, erected to meet the present emergency; but their arrangements and equipments are surprisingly complete.

As plans were made some time previously for this visit, we went with a good supply of tracts and Scripture portions (chiefly Gospels), these latter being kindly furnished us by the Bible House Agency at Kōbe. On Friday we went to Zentsūji (about forty minutes by rail from Marugame) and were able to get through two of the hospitals, as they were comparatively small, having but 400 and 500 inmates respectively. These were the Regular Hospital, and the Temporary Hospital No. 1. We were received most courteously here as everywhere afterwards, furnished

with a guide, and given every facility possible to enable us to carry out our purpose.

Inasmuch as we went as the representatives of the *Bukwai*, it was our object to speak so far as possible to every one of the inmates of all the hospitals, and assure them of the sympathy and prayers of the Christian community in Shikoku in their behalf. But as it was obviously impossible to go to each individual in our limited time, the plan was adopted of going to each ward, and after being announced and introduced by the head attendant of that ward, to make a brief address of five minutes or so, speaking of these Bibles and religious tracts which we were putting into their hands with the sincere desire that they might be of comfort to many.

Attendants were furnished us at each hospital for the distribution of this literature, and in some of the wards they had been so active in their assistance that they had preceded us, and the books were already in the hands of the men when we entered, and we saw many sitting up in their beds reading (sometimes aloud) from these books as we came in.

The above plan was carried out at each place, but after the first day we found it impossible to get through more than one building. For at Nos. 2, 3, and 4 there were from 1,500 to 1,600 inmates in each, assembled in twenty wards, which was the quota for each hospital. Then each building had one apartment set apart for severe cases, and here only did we go in and speak to any extent to individuals. In this way the afternoon passed away all too quickly; and more than once, I am sorry to say, we had to interrupt the poor fellows' supper with the speeches. But they bore even this with the same uncomplaining patience with which we saw them on every side enduring their wounds and pain.

Friday and Saturday afternoons were spent at Zentsūji; Sunday afternoon we

visited the suffering 1,600 at Marugame; and on Monday returned to Zentsūji and finished up the visiting there, finding over 1,500 in that last hospital.

To one unaccustomed, like myself, to such experiences, the sight of these thousands of suffering brethren, some wasted by fever and other sicknesses contracted through exposure on the field of battle, some mangled by shot and shell and lying around in all stages of vivisection, as it were, was most impressive. And it was hard to say which left the stronger impression, the manifest cruelty of war, or the heroic patience of the sufferers, but both left a most distinct and vivid impression.

Another thing that was constantly in mind also was the kind, thoughtful, paternal care the Government is giving those who have been called upon to make these great sacrifices. The cleanliness of the surroundings, the ample and efficient attendance, the systematic arrangement of everything, the entire lack of confusion anywhere, as well as the facility with which we were railroaded through one hospital after another,—not in a hurried and perfunctory way, but with evident interest and sympathy, constant courtesy, and always a word of thanks at the end,—all these left a most pleasant impression in spite of the most painful surroundings.

Among the sufferers, the patient fortitude with which pain was borne, and the eager expectancy with which recovery was looked forward to as a time when they could again join the colors, were both remarkable. In the operating room I saw one poor fellow with an ugly bullet-hole through his shoulder stand up and have his wound probed deep without changing a muscle of his face; and later saw him put under anesthetics, his shoulder cut open, and the shattered bone removed.

One convalescent with whom I conversed held out his hand and slightly wiggled his cramped fingers in great glee as he announced that he was going to get the use of that hand again after

all, and with that all right he could go to the front again. He had been shot through the upper arm, (and he showed the bad wound), and his hand had been paralysed ever since; but recently his fingers had begun to move, and the assurance from the physician that he would soon have the full use of his hand had raised his spirits high. "Oh yes, I have some other wounds, but they are all well now," he said, as he laid his hand on his scarred cheek. "Here a ball took me straight from the front, out through my cheek, knocking out several teeth on the way, passed through my ear-drum, destroying the hearing of my left ear, and passed out through the back of my head" [and the line of march of that bullet was most plainly in evidence]; "but that is all healed now; and as my right ear is yet all right that will not prevent my going back to the regiment, as soon as this hand gets well. Then I had a rather nasty hit here in the leg [and he pulled aside his *kimono* and showed a pig scar that I would have thought sufficient to insure me a pension for myself and family for the rest of our days!]; "but that doesn't trouble any more now; it is all right. Yes, and I got hit by a piece of shell which tore my back considerably and broke one bone; but that healed nicely, and I'm all strong there now" [and he wiggled his back to prove it]. "I'm all right now but this hand; and soon that will be there too." Where was he wounded? "At Port Arthur." His company was making a charge on one of the forts, and when within a hundred metres of it, down he tumbled. It was the great disappointment of his life to have to lie there doing nothing, and to hear his friends shouting, and to know they had been successful while he had failed. "Oh, if I could only have gone that last 100 metres and got into the fort, I would have been willing to die there and then; but now I have a feeling of shame every time I think how I failed, and I want to go back

and try to do something next time, or die in the attempt at least."

If Russia does not yet appreciate what sort of a thing she is up against in this war, a visit to some of these hospitals by a duly accredited representative of hers might serve at least as one means of enlightenment. In the presence of this spirit that never knows defeat, one could not help speculating upon the immense possibilities for good that this nation is, in the providence of God, destined to exert upon the world when all these energies become consecrated to peace and righteousness.

H. B. NEWELL.

### At the Tōkyō Hospitals.

When at Karuizawa last August we bade "God-speed" to the Y. M. C. A. representative about to go to Manchuria to "cheer and comfort" the soldiers, more than one of us wished that we could have such an opportunity. Perhaps we felt that there was little, if any thing, that we could do here. But that was before the sick soldiers came. From now on we can help to our hearts' content wherever we can reach a hospital.

When hundreds of convalescents came to Karuizawa and began to wander aimlessly about, unconsciously expressing their need of diversion; when Messrs. Norman, McGinnis, and others pointed out the means of helping them; when later through several conversations with a certain Civil War veteran, once himself both an inmate of an army hospital and an officer in charge of sick and wounded soldiers, I was told how peculiarly receptive the convalescent soldier is; and finally when through personal experience in more than fifty wards of about fifty men each, I saw with my own eyes how appreciative the sick soldier can be, I gave up envying the men who could go to the front. In fact, as this veteran pointed out, we probably have

even a better opportunity than they. For the soldier who has been through the mill of campaign, battle, and hospital, looks at life more soberly than does the young warrior starting out in great éclat to hew down the hated Russian. Besides, the man in the hospital has far more time on his hands.

Now there are thousands of sick and wounded soldiers in Japan (eight thousand in Tōkyō alone), and the number is increasing.

A majority of these are just sick enough to be despondent now and then, slightly blue at other times, and peculiarly susceptible to the gentler graces always. They are just well enough to want to walk, talk, read, and think. Most anything unusual interests them. They want amusement. This was proved September fourteenth, at the Shibuya Hospital (three thousand patients) where crowds gathered in a moment around the mandolin and harmonica, and at other times when different foreign, uncommon, instruments were played.

We remember what good effect a laughing song, a temperate wine-song, children's songs and other solos by foreigners had upon a large audience at Karuizawa. Even the male quartette with its "four tunes at once" seemed funny. The phonograph is always welcomed. Pictures in any form are also seen to be in great demand. The stereopticon is proving enjoyable. The illustrated papers, Japanese and foreign magazines, etc. are proving successful. One of the best of scenes is where a group of soldiers is seen laughing over some cartoon or funny picture.

In Karuizawa different games are provided, and a garden-party contemplated.

The need of reading-matter of all kinds is apparent. The soldiers' desire for it is more so. The reading-rooms at Karuizawa and Hakone are proving very helpful. Good Christian literature

has a place. Personal observation has shown that the Synoptic Gospels and certain general tracts are accepted quite readily. At the Headquarters Hospital, Tōkyō, on September thirteenth where Mr. Loomis of the American Bible Society was kindly permitted to distribute literature to all who desired it, when the soldiers were asked to show whether or not they wanted the reading-matter, we noticed that invariably a great majority of every ward quickly raised their hands; and that further, those who did not ask at the outset were desirous of not being passed by when the distribution took place. At Shibuya, the surgeon in charge offered to see that some six thousand Gospels and other literature be distributed among all who cared for them. As we passed through most of the forty-seven wards that day, the soldiers were told of the arrangement. We have reason to believe that the reading matter was most welcome. (Mr. Loomis of the Bible House Yokohama, will be glad to receive any magazines, illustrated papers, etc. for distribution among the soldiers. Being a soldier himself, he is especially welcomed at the hospitals).

Not only does the rank and file seem glad to have English and Americans visit them, but the officers as well. The Superintendent of the Tōkyō Army Hospitals seemed quite ready to grant permission to visit any or all of the hospitals, provided of course, we would not preach religion, but sought only to "comfort" the soldiers. At Shibuya the head-surgeon seemed exceedingly sympathetic. For one thing he arranged a meeting with the officers in one of the corridors. After our concert, and after Mr. Loomis had expressed our hearty interest in the Japanese soldiery, the ranking officer, a colonel, took pains (literally) to express the appreciation, of the whole number, of the practical interest being shown.

Indeed we have every reason to believe that there is a large "open-

door" for practical usefulness right at our very door.

E. F. BELL.

### The Sōkwai.

The meeting of the *Sōkwai* (General Conference of the Kumi-ai Churches) this year was in many respects a memorable one. The entire meeting was pervaded by a sense of oneness, harmony, and fellowship. This was especially manifest in the general meeting of the members when the following declaration was unanimously adopted.

"Whereas, the spirit of the nation has become more serious and the spiritual desire of the people more urgent at this important time in the nation's life, so that no age stands in greater need of a wholesome religion; "Resolved, that we Christians will cultivate our own faith and strive to bring about the self-support of the churches; that we will strive to give life and comfort to individual souls by spreading the Gospel of Christ; that we will strive to strengthen society by establishing pure homes; and that we will strive to strengthen our Empire to carry out her mission in the world in accordance with the principles of humanity."

From the above declaration it will be seen that the thought of the meeting was, How can we best meet the present needs of the people? This also found expression in an offering of over two hundred and fifty *yen* received, at one of the meetings, for conducting special evangelistic work among the churches at the present time. This amount was later increased to five hundred *yen* with an additional sum for work in Korea. The general meetings filled the audience rooms where they were held so that many had to be refused admittance.

Another notable event of the *Sōkwai* was the very impressive ordination of Prof. Hino for work in the Dōshisha Theological School. He is the first Kumiai Christian to be ordained for

other than the strictly pastoral and evangelistic work of the churches.

M. D. DUNNING.

### The Congregational Churches of the United States to the Kumiai Churches of Japan.

At the meeting of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States held at Des Moines, Iowa, October 13-20 the following letter of greeting to the Kumiai Churches of Japan was proposed by the Rev. S. L. Gulick, D.D., and adopted by a rising vote.

#### THE LETTER.

The Christians of the Congregational Churches assembled in their National Council Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., to our Christian Brothers in the Kumiai Churches of Japan, Greeting.

It is ever with profound interest that we hear of the growth of your churches and the progress of the Kingdom of Righteousness, Truth, and Love among your people. In this time of your terrible national struggle, it is fitting that we express to you our deepest sympathy and good will. We earnestly pray that the God of Nations and the God of Battles will so over-rule this fearful baptism of blood through which you are passing as to deepen your spiritual life, establish more firmly among you the Kingdom of God, bring untold blessings to the three sister nations of Russia, China, and Japan, and finally issue in the permanent peace of the World.

We thank God for the noble work you have already done in proclaiming the Glorious Gospel of the Prince of Peace and the missionary zeal which has led you to reach out a helping hand to a neighboring people in the evangelisation of Korea. We pray that God may richly bless your every work in his name, and that through

your fidelity to Christ and zeal in his cause you may speedily see a mighty increase in the number of those who are his followers.

We look forward to the day when all men of every race shall dwell together in universal peace and mutual help through the spiritual unity of a human Brotherhood and a divine Fatherhood.

### Okayama Items.

#### THE ORPHANAGE.

As a result of the war the Okayama Orphanage is finding increasing difficulty in securing sufficient funds for its worthy work. Receipts from all sources during October fell short of expenses about four hundred *yen*. New children are being sent in faster than at any previous time in its seventeen years of history, except for a few months following the great earthquake in 1891. There were seven children received last month, and already seventeen in November.

One of the missionaries made a personal canvass of Kobe last week and secured timely help from the foreign community, the collections amounting to *Yen* 924.50 as against *Yen* 843 last year and 707 in 1902. Were it not for the faith and courage that are born of a high purpose in unselfish service for the needy, and that again and again in the history of this remarkable institution have been proved to be fully justified, the outlook for the winter would indeed be a dark one.

#### THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

Okayama is one of the first places to receive benefit from the two months evangelistic campaign planned for the whole country at Kyōto recently. Special meetings, three daily, are now in progress. The visiting speakers are Rev. Messrs. Miyagawa, Harada, Tsuyumu, and Moriyama. At the close of an impressive service last evening

twenty-five persons mostly of the student class gave in their names and addresses. Seventeen of these desired personal help in Bible-study and eight decided definitely to be Christians. Tsuyama and ten other places in this region will be visited after Okayama, the canvass of this whole field lasting until December thirteenth.

Every church and nearly every *kōgisho* in Okayama-ken was represented at a gathering of the Christians here today. It was decided to hold such a conference annually. A deep spirit of personal consecration and aggressive evangelistic enterprise pervades all the pastors and leading church members. One family in this city that buried a beloved daughter a year ago dispensed with the customary memorial feast and contributed ten *yen* toward defraying the expenses of this timely and exceedingly promising evangelistic campaign.

J. H. PETTEE.

### A Visit to Hokkaidō.

During my recent trip to the Hokkaidō, while enjoying Miss Daughday's hospitality, I visited Asahigawa, Iwamizawa, Naiye, Kuriyama, and Otaru—all of which are on the railroad lines. The pastor in Otaru welcomed us very cordially. It is easy to see that he has a difficult field. I was much pleased with what I saw in Iwamizawa. There is a neat little church, and although at present there is no pastor, the meeting began promptly. A young man of seventeen came forward and played the organ very acceptably. Mrs. Katō, one of Miss Barrow's women is holding the fort there. She accompanied me on several trips, and to her tactful, gracious ways I owe much of the pleasure of my visit.

Asahigawa impressed me as a flourishing western town. The Christians have one of the best church buildings that I saw in connection with our work

The pastor, Mr. Sugiura, and his wife are doing excellent service. She was one of the early graduates of the Kobe Girls' School, and is an honor to the church and to the institution which educated her. Although she has seven children she still has time for much useful work for the church and city. While we were there the place was full of soldiers nearly ready to start for the front. The hotels and private houses were filled with them. The pastor told me that in the past few months the workers there had preached the gospel to seventeen thousand soldiers. There were known to be over one hundred Christian soldiers in the city, and the churches united in a social meeting for them. A good number came, and it was a meeting not to be forgotten. There was no sadness, but the thought of every one was on the nearness of the unseen world. Several solos were volunteered by the soldiers and others, and they were all on heaven. I sent some of Dr. DeForest's tracts on America's sympathy with Japan in the war to the soldiers in my hotel, and was honored later by a call from two officers in full uniform.

Miss Daughday has a good work for young men. I met her boys at different places in the Hokkaidō, and they told me how much they were indebted to her.

Those of the Mission who have travelled with me on the sea will be interested to know that on my return journey I bought a third class ticket, and took passage for Hakodate in one of the tenth rate boats that ply those northern waters since the war began. This was not from love of adventure, or for the sake of economy, but from necessity. I made myself comfortable on deck, and called to mind all that I had read about the benefits of sleeping in the open air, and congratulated myself on a chance to try it. Before long it began to rain, and the wind blew, and the boat rocked, so I sought

other places of refuge; sometimes a damp seat on the floor near the ventilator, sometimes a chair which tipped over and left me stranded on a wet deck. In the darkness of the night I made friends with Bishop Fyson and his wife, who were also travelling in the same luxurious fashion. The good Bishop did what he could to relieve the situation, and at last morning dawned and we landed in Hakodate. Later when in a mirror I viewed myself, soaked, and daubed with dirt, I wondered that I had not been taken up in the streets for a vagrant.

I noticed especially the friendly spirit which prevails among the different denominations in the Hokkaidō. Union meetings of all kinds are common. I attended a prayer-meeting in Hakodate in the Episcopal church, led by the Kumiai pastor and addressed by a Methodist missionary. The union workers' meeting was not held this year because of the war, but the value of that meeting has been much appreciated. One of the prime movers was Mr. Andrews of whom one worker said that the whole Hokkaidō was different because of his work and spirit. Bishop Fyson has a most enviable name, which he richly deserves.

My last trip was to the Immanuel field. I tried to get some one to accompany me, but was finally obliged to go alone. A Christian met me at the nearest railway station who said he had been baptised by Dr. Cary. A nice little horse had been sent down for me with a saddle loaned by a Christian doctor. The mountain forests colored with red and yellow were beautiful. Fine roads are begun in several places, but for long distances the roads were bad, and scarcely deserved the name. Had only a red Indian been in sight, I could have imagined myself back in the times of the New England colonies. We rode from one o'clock till eight in the evening. As night came on it began to rain, and the wind blew, and unknown precipices seemed

to yawn below. When we reached our destination I was taken from the horse and plunged into the hot hotel bath asking no questions. The return over those twenty-one miles on a sunny autumn day by daylight was one of the pleasure trips of my life.

The Christians in this field have no church building, and the pastor's house of two rooms, nine by twelve each, is used for this purpose. I felt sorry that he should need to live in so poor a place, but he made no complaints. Later when I saw the house where he had lived for four years, this seemed a great improvement. The Christians came in the morning, and some of them brought their lunches and stayed all day Sunday. At seven o'clock some of them were still there. The pastor leads a life of loneliness and self-sacrifice and is in a very real sense the minister and servant of all. An Episcopal preacher had come to the place within a few days. He welcomed the pastor and me with great cordiality as we stopped outside his door on our way to the next town, and asked us to call on one of his Christians who lived there. Our pastor is to be congratulated that he can have the companionship of such a man. I found the Christians here, as well as all over the Hokkaidō, very intelligent and ahead of the same class of people, in other parts of Japan. They still remember the visits of Dr. Cary and Dr. Greene. A Tamba man said to me, "Do you know Miss Barrows? She led me and my whole family to Christ." Another spoke of Miss Talcott, and said she had often stopped at his home in Akashi. When I saw their homes I was amazed. There was practically only one room, which joined on to the open space in which the live stock and farming implements are kept. There was a big fire-place in the centre, and Indian corn hung from the beams above. There were no chimneys or windows, and the sky showed through the roofs of these grass made shacks. Very

often during the four days there did I call to mind the days of our forefathers. But in this corner of the world there is a telegraph office, and mail twice a day, which our fathers certainly did not have. I was told that the settlers had contributed a good deal to have a primary school started.

In the Hokkaidō, of course, I met people from every part of Japan. They all, with only one exception, declared that they did not want to return to the main islands, and that living was easier than in the places they had left. There is a progressive spirit among them which is very noticeable.

I visited Mrs. Clara Brown Nagasaki in Hakodate. She has a pleasant home, and is very happy. She and her husband entertained me delightfully, and I assure all the mission of a warm welcome when they stop there. I found every one waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Rowland whom I passed in the waters between the Hokkaidō and the mainland.

FANNY E. GRISWOLD.

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### Miyazaki.

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A couple of days ago an event occurred here in Miyazaki which, as reflecting the prevalent attitude toward Christianity, was of considerable significance. It was the celebration of the Christian funeral of a soldier who was the first to be killed of those going from Miyazaki — a public Christian funeral under the patronage and partial direction of the civil authorities. The mother of the soldier is a Christian and he himself was baptised in infancy, so it was the wish of the family that Christian rites should be observed. Being a soldier, of course, the public had an interest in the burial, and under orders from the authorities the newspaper announced that the funeral ceremonies would

be held in the public school grounds—the largest available space,—and that it was expected that at least one representative from each house would be present, and also all the school children, of whom there are something like a thousand. The number actually present was somewhat larger perhaps, than these figures would indicate, and it was a thoroughly representative audience. Representatives were there from the officials of the city, county, and province; from the faculties and student bodies of all the schools; from the different women's organisations and clubs of the city, besides the large number of friends and relatives.

And yet, although there was such a variety of opinions and forms of belief represented, the services were wholly in the hands of the Christian workers. One church deacon—a man with a law education had general charge of the service, the itinerating evangelist led in the scripture reading and prayer, the pastor of the Miyazaki church preached the sermon, while the school girls and and others of our household formed the nucleus of singers. The service was not without its Japanese peculiarities, but notwithstanding, it was Christian throughout and for that reason remarkable, for it is the first time in the history of the province, I daresay, that any Christian function has been recognised by the civil authorities. The same sort of thing has doubtless been experienced elsewhere, in other parts of Japan.

C. BURNELL OLDS.

### Kobe College Items.

As the Sewing Building was found to need extensive repairs, it has been decided to rebuild it at once, instead of delaying for two or three years as at first planned. It has been torn down and is to be rebuilt a little to the south of its former position,

The students are working in a quiet way to aid these suffering because of the war. For instance, not long ago the Y.W.C.T.U. sent one hundred and twenty-seven comfort bags to Tōkyō to be forwarded to the soldiers. They hope to send another installment soon. This society, the missionary society, and the Christian Endeavor Society, work together very pleasantly, one of them often giving from its funds to the other when a special call is made.

Six students from the school united with the Kōbe Church at the November communion service. Pastor Harada had kindly met with them two or three times for special instruction.

The annual school picnic, on October 28th was a great success. Most of the school went to Maiko and Akashi, part of the way by rail, but for two miles along the prettiest part of the beach on foot. The weather was perfect, and the games under the famous Maiko pines were greatly enjoyed. One of the teachers, whose birthday it happened to be was pleasantly surprised by an original song and *Banzai* in her honor. The senior academy class took two days for a trip to Kyōto and Nara, and a few enterprising college students climbed Rokkō San. SUSAN A. SEARLE.

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